In Recital

Benila Ninan, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
Roger Admiral, piano

Friday, June 4, 1999 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From **Eraclea** (1692) — Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)
Deh, più à me non v'ascondete

From **Alessandro, vincitor di se stesso** (1651) — Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)
Si mantiene il mio amor

From **Euridice** (1600) — Jacopo Peri (1561-1633)
Nel pur ardor

Frauen-Liebe und Leben, Op.42 (1840) — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Poems by Adelbert von Chamisso

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süsser Freund
7. An meinem Herzen, An meiner Brust
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Intermission

From **St. Matthew Passion**, BWV 244 (1729) — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Erbarme dich, mein Gott

Mark van Manen, violin

Le Papillon et la fleur (Victor Hugo) — Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Rêve d'amour (Victor Hugo)
Au bord de l'eau (Sully Prudhomme)
Mandoline (Paul Verlaine)

From the **Arnold Book of Old Songs** — Arr. Roger Quilter
Drink to me only with Thine Eyes
Ca' the Yowes
Over the Mountains

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Ninan.

Ms Ninan is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate) and a Richard Eaton Singers Scholarship in Voice.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Deh, più à me non v'ascondete - Please do not hide yourselves, lovely eyes
Please do not hide yourselves, lovely eyes.
By revealing yourselves, if it is really you,
you can take away my sadness.

Si mantiene il mio amor - My love is nourished by grief
My love is nourished by grief, anxiety and pain,
so much that I cannot even be happy
in thinking about my beloved.
I love, however, even if I do not hope.

Nel pur ardor - With pure fire
With the pure fire of the most beautiful star,
light a golden torch of beautiful flames
and come down on golden wings, smiling god,
and light our souls with celestial flames.
Happy god of marriage, pour a flood of sublime sweetness
into the hearts of the happy lovers and during
beautiful songs of gentle love, awaken in their hearts
a sweet breath, a smile of paradise.

1. **Seit ich ihn gesehen - Since I first saw him**
Since I first saw him
I think I must be blind;
wherever I look
I see only him;
as in a trance,
his image hovers before me,
emerging from the deepest gloom
even brighter.

All else is dark and colourless
in my surroundings;
my sisters' games
interest me no longer;
I would rather weep
quietly in my room.
Since I first saw him,
I think I must be blind.

2. **Er, der Herrlichste von allen - He, the noblest of all**
He, the noblest of all,
how kind, how good he is!
Gentle mouth, clear eyes,
bright temper and steady mood.

Just as, in the far-off blue,
yonder star shines bright and splendid,
so he shines in my heaven,
bright and splendid, sublime and remote.

Go your way;
let me only regard your brightness,
humbly gaze upon it
in happiness and in sorrow!

Heed not my silent prayers,
dedicated only to your fortune;
a lowly maid you may not know,
high star of splendour!

Only the worthiest of all
may be made happy by your choice,
and I will bless her
many thousand times.

Then I will rejoice and weep;
eternal bliss will then be mine.
And if my heart should break,
break, heart - what does it matter!

3. **Ich kann's nicht fassen - I can't understand it**
I can't understand it, I don't believe it;
I must have been fooled by a dream.
How, from all the others, could he
have chosen and blessed me?

It seemed as if he had said:
"I am forever yours";
it seemed I must still be dreaming,
for it can never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled in his embrace;
let me be drowned
in tears of endless joy.

4. **Du Ring an meinem Finger - You ring on my finger**
You, ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips
and to my heart.

I had reached the end
of childhood's lovely, peaceful dream;
I found myself alone and lost
in an endless wasteland.

You, ring on my finger,
you taught me then,
opened my eyes
to life's infinite worth.

I will serve him, live for him,
belong to him totally;
I will give myself to him
and find myself transfigured in his radiance.

5. **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern - Help me, o sisters**
Help me, o sisters, kindly adorn me,
serve me, the happy one, today.
Busily twine about my brow
the blossoming myrtle.

Before, when I lay contented and happy
in the arms of my loved one,
he still would be longing,
impatiently awaiting this day.

Help me, o sisters help me banish
a foolish fear,
so that I may meet him with eyes clear,
him, the source of my joy.

Have you, my love, appeared to me;
do you give me, o sun, your brightness?
Let me reverently and humbly
make obesiance to my master.

Scatter flowers before him, o sisters,
present him with budding roses.
But to you, my sisters, I bid a sad farewell,
departing with joy from your ranks.

6. **Süsser Freund - Sweet Friend**
Sweet friend, you gaze at me in astonishment;
can you not understand why I should be crying?
Let the unfamiliar ornament of the moist pearl
tremble brightly in my eye.

How fearful my bosom, how blissful! -
could I but say it with words.
Come and bury your head here on my breast;
I want to whisper to you all my joy.

Now do you know why I am weeping?
Can you not see why, my beloved?
Stay at my heart, feel its beat,
that I may press you closer and closer to me.

Here at my bed is the space for the cradle,
where it may hide my lovely dream;
the morning will come when the dream awakes,
and your image smiles out at me.

7. **An meinem Herzen, An meiner Brust - At my Heart, at my Breast**
At my heart, at my breast,
you my joy, you my bliss!
Happiness is love,
love is happiness;
once I have said it and again I shall say it.
I considered myself rapturous,
but now I am still happier.
Only she who nurses and loves
the child whom she feeds -
only a mother knows
what love and happiness mean.
O how I pity the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!
You lovely, lovely angel, you -
you look at me with a smile.

8. **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan - Now you have hurt me for the first time**
Now you have hurt me for the first time,
but deeply.
You sleep, you hard and pitiless man,
the sleep of death.

Forsaken, I look around me -
the world is empty,
My love and life are past;
I am no longer living.

I withdraw quietly into myself;
the veil falls;
there I have you and my lost happiness -
you, my whole world!

Er barme dich, mein Gott - Have mercy, Lord, on me
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
Regard my bitter weeping,
Look at me, heart and eyes
Both weep to Thee bitterly,
Have mercy, Lord!

Le Papillon et la fleur - The Butterfly and the Flower
The poor flower said to the celestial butterfly:
Don't fly away! ...
See how our destinies are different, I stay
You go away!
Yet we love one another, we live without men,
And far from them!
And we look alike and it is said that
We are both flowers!

But alas, the air carries you away and the earth chains me,
Cruel fate!
I should like to perfume your flight with my breath
In the sky!
But no, you go too far, among countless flowers,
You fly!
And I remain alone watching my shadow turn
At my feet!

Le Papillon et la fleur - The Butterfly and the Flower
You fly, but you return, then you go again
To shine elsewhere!
Thus you always find me at each dawn
All in tears.
Ah! that our love might flow in faithful days,
O my king!
Take root like me or give me wings
Like you!

Reve d'amour - Dream of Love
If there is a charming lawn
Which the sky moistens,
Where in each season is born
Some flower that blooms,
Where one gathers freely
Lilies, honey-suckle and jasmin,
I would make of it the path
On which your foot treads.

If there is a very loving breast
Disposed to honor,
Whose tender devotion
Has nothing of the morose,
if always this noble breast
Beats with worthy design,
I would make of it the cushion
On which your forehead rests.

If there is a dream of love
Perfumed with roses,
In which one finds each day
Some sweet thing,
A dream that God blesses,
Where soul to soul is united,
Oh! I would make of it the nest
In which your heart rests.

Au bord de l'eau - At the waters edge
To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes,
To see it pass;
Together when a cloud floats in space,
to see it float;
When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon,
to see it smoke;
If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance,
to absorb its scent;
To hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,
the water murmurs,
not to notice, while this dream lasts,
the passage of time, but to feel deep passsion
only to adore each other; not to care at all about the world's
quarrels, to ignore them,
and alone, together, facing all that grows weary,
not to grow weary; to be in love
while all passes away, never to change!

Mandoline - Mandolin
The serenading swains
and their lovely listeners
exchange insipid remarks
under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
and the eternal Clitander, and there is Damis,
who for many cruel ladies fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests, their long dresses with trains,
their elegance, their gaiety and their soft blue shadows
whirl madly in the ecstasy of a moon rose and gray,
and the mandolin chatters
amid the trembling of the breeze.